

The Watchman and Southron.

THE SUMTER WATCHMAN, Established April, 1850.

"Be Just and Fear not—Let all the Ends thou Aims't at, be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866

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—BY—

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Johnnie Draws His Gun.

And Scores a "Bulls Eye" in
The "Ring" of Rings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1895.

To the Editor of the Register:

Dear Sir: As there seems to be a lull in State politics, and without a positive knowledge of what is doing or going to be done, I submit herewith my own peculiar opinions of the situation.

The time for action, it seems to me, has arrived, and thus believing, I shall not longer stifle my convictions, but shall speak frankly and unreservedly as I think the necessities of the situation require, and abide the consequences, whatever they may be:

The general poverty and depression in the country at large is intensified by local conditions.

No one expected the "movement" of 1890 to divide our people into two absolutely hostile camps. And the whole thing can be largely traced to the abandonment of the primary election principle last summer to promote the interest of certain individuals.

The Constitutional Convention is upon us, and, with it and our inter-necine strife, the "nigger in the wood pile" is reviving.

"Not dead, but sleepeth" is written over the attenuated corpse of the Democratic party north of Mason and Dixon's line, and even in our own section and among our own people signs of decay are visible. Our old allies will not help us and can no longer be relied upon.

Let us help ourselves. The interests of ninety-nine out of every one hundred of our citizens are identical.

A convention of a faction, no matter how able its membership or good its work, will be disastrous and drive us further apart. Everyone admits that, but unfortunately we have become such astute politicians that each of us is afraid to move for fear of injuring his chances of securing some office, from that of county coroner to President of the United States. We are breeding tyrants and political cowards in South Carolina. Too much policy and not enough of patriotism. Why, my dear sir, I came within an ace of ruining my flattering political prospects last summer by a few innocent and kind observations made to "My Dear Appelt." But whatever the result, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I coined at least one or two apt words and phrases, which, if they did not enrich the English language, will live for some time descriptive personae.

Ever since I wrote that letter (in which, God knows, I was honest), I have been maligned, misrepresented and misquoted. Every time I opened my mouth I was charged with being in league with "Butler," but that can be done no longer, as Gen. Butler is out of politics and will soon be a private citizen; while we differ on some things politically, he will carry with him my undying friendship and respect. Had it not been for the misconception which true friends, whose opinion I value, would have placed upon my conduct, I would have died a thousand political deaths before submitting to what I did. The people have honored me, I love them, and have studied hard and tried to give them value received.

I have come to the conclusion that I do not care whether I ever hold another office or not, if it involves the least sacrifice of dignity, honor or principle, and I do not propose to occupy any equivocal or uncertain position. I am in favor of harmonizing the factions, if such a thing be possible, but in order to do that we must destroy a "Ring" more desperate, more autocratic, more tyrannical, more unscrupulous than ever dominated the State or controlled the destinies of a free people—I defy them! Let them take the office I hold, if they can. They cannot muzzle my tongue nor stifle my manhood or independence. They are now making preparation to control the Constitutional convention and thereby perpetuate themselves in power, and if necessary to accomplish this, white men, as well as the negro, will be ruth-

lessly disfranchised. The "Antis" one part are cowed and whipped, the other part too mad to have any sense, and while a part of the "Reformers" who want fair play have been silent, an arrogant minority, held together by the cohesive power of spoils, runs rough-shod over all. Offices are multiplied by the thousand to prevent "kicking," while the hands of the executive are strengthened by unlimited patronage and the towns intimidated by the threat of depriving them of the precious heritage of local self-government. The Alliance has been destroyed or simply converted into an adjunct of the political machine by methods that would make the stripes of the Tammany tiger pale with envy. Men are afraid to speak, or speak with bated breath. Pretended salary reductions on the principle of cutting everybody else's salary except their own. While the patient, toiling masses are in debt and straining every nerve to keep the "wolf from the door," their attention is led away and centered upon personal and local issues, that no matter which way they are decided will benefit no one except a few individuals. What in the name of heaven can the people expect from such purblind statesmanship? Where do they come in? Every man, woman and child in South Carolina knows that I am telling the truth and many good Reformers see in the ugly picture the finale to the beautiful dream of 1890.

Our only hope is to get together in this convention and if possible, prevent the "Ring" from controlling it, and frame a Constitution which will command the respect and confidence of the whole people, thereby uniting and placing us in a position in 1876 where we can avail ourselves of the most favorable opportunity that National politics may then offer. It is useless to temporize; if we be men, let us act, and, at least purchase an honorable defeat.

For what I have already said and done along this line I have been the subject of vituperation, slander and abuse and I shrink (no one knows how much) from offering myself as a further target to the foul pen of hirelings and slaves.

If doing my duty manfully and conscientiously relegates me to private life, I welcome it. Let the phalanx put all of its spears into my body, if thereby the cause of liberty is conserved.

It was the expressed hope of many that the "Forty" ere this would have taken such action as would have made their influence felt on the line indicated by them, which met with such general approval throughout the State.

I hope and believe the matter will soon consummate in definite action, and thereby unite all those who sincerely want "peace and unity."

Men who possess the courage of their convictions must confer in the near future and adopt such a line of action as will subserve the best interests of the State. It is a fight against "bossism and ring rule," which seeks to prostitute every principle of popular rights to selfish purposes.

Let those who believe peace can be obtained without an effort deceive themselves no longer. Peace has never been purchased without a stern battle to secure its blessings.

Yours respectfully,

JNO. L. MCLAURIN.

Rock Hill's Good Roads.

ROCK HILL, January 15.—Special: The bad weather and consequent complaints of mud have directed attention to the work that has been done by Rock Hill in the line of securing good roads. About two years since it was decided to build highways going from the town in all directions. Private subscriptions were secured from town and from the country adjacent along the line of the proposed routes. The county authorities agreed to furnish a rock crusher and a steam engine and to pay one hundred dollars, Rock Hill gave one-fourth the cost and built the roads up to the town limits.

The roads were located carefully by a civil engineer. A road bed thirty feet wide was raised above the surrounding soil by large ploughs. This was packed hard by the use of heavy rollers. A track ten feet wide in the centre was then macadamized, a track ten feet wide being left on each side for use in the summer. The rock in the macadamized portion is from six to eight inches deep. The whole road is well drained by side ditches, and in the worst of weather is hard and affords every facility for travelling. Two roads extending one three, the other three and one-half miles beyond the city limits, have been completed. Subscriptions were made for an amount sufficient to complete as much more, but more pressing matters have stopped the work for a short time. These roads have made plain the great value of money and work expended in this way. They have proved almost like arms reaching out from town to country with mutual benefit.—*News and Courier.*

A Story of A. T. Stewart.

That was a nice little story Mr. George Jewett told me yesterday afternoon and as it has a good moral attached to it I give it here, although it might be odd to some people, says *Macon Telegraph*. "I heard the story when I was a boy," said Mr. Jewett, "but I have often thought of it since when reminded of careless extravagance of wesothers people. A prominent Georgian was delegated by his church to go to New York and request of A. T. Stewart, the dry goods prince, a contribution to the church. The Georgian went to New York and on entering Mr. Stewart's mammoth store was shown back to the private office of the millionaire. On entering the office he heard the millionaire quarreling with a young man, and not wishing to interrupt them, he stood at the door for a moment. While standing at the door he heard Mr. Stewart tell the young man to never again seal a letter with a whole wafer, but to divide them and make each wafer do for two letters. Mind you this was long ago, when wafers of sealing wax were used in sealing letters, and as a wafer was not worth anything to speak of, the Georgian was about to turn back, thinking Mr. Stewart too stingy and too mean to give anything, when Mr. Stewart noticed him and asked him his business. The Georgian was considerably embarrassed, but was frank enough to tell Mr. Stewart that he came there for the purpose of asking him to contribute to a certain church, but as he had heard him quarreling with one of his young men about using one whole wafer in sealing an envelope he thought it would be useless for him to ask for a contribution. 'Why, my dear sir' said Mr. Stewart, 'it is by looking after these little things that I am enabled to give you \$1,000 for the church you represent', and turning aside to his bookkeeper he told him to write out a check for \$1,000 for the church the Georgian represented. The Georgian was greatly astonished, but when Mr. Stewart told him that he had accumulated his wealth by saving pins and scraps, he left for home with different views from those he had entertained before."

A Successful Harvard Dissertation.

A bright young Harvard man, who is at home in Rochester for the holidays, tells this very characteristic story, which shows that the spirit of at least one university is not confined to the undergraduates, says the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

The members of his class are required at regular intervals to hand in to one of their instructors dissertations upon themes of their own choosing. There is no set rule as to the length of the papers, and, in fact, nothing is insisted upon except the one point that the work shall be completed and presented at a given time. It happened that dissertation day fell at a time when most of the class had just returned from witnessing a game of football between the Yale and the Harvard eleven, a game which did not turn out exactly as the devotees of the crimson would have wished. One of the members of the class in question, having no heart to attempt a more elaborate effort, wrote upon a sheet of paper the epigrammatic expression, "To h—l with Yale," properly signed it, and handed it in to the instructor as his thesis. Then he was taken with a panic. He saw all kinds of dire possibilities compassing him about, and regarded suspension from a term as the least penalty that would be apt to follow his audacity. At last the day came when the papers were returned, indorsed with the criticisms of the instructor. His was handed to him, and he scarcely dared look at it, but at last he summoned up courage and read this inscription: "Precise, accurate, and to the point."

A Cincinnati bootblack has fallen heir to \$65,000. This indicates that fortune, like death, occasionally loves a shining mark.—*Boston Globe.*

Hereafter, coroners, and trial justices acting as coroners, can no longer hold inquests on their own discretion. At the recent session of the legislature, it was provided that inquests must only be held upon the written approval of two or more reputable citizens of the neighborhood in which the body of the deceased is found. This applies to all coroners who are paid in fees.

It is greatly to be regretted that congressmen cannot stop playing politics long enough to enable them to do a little legislation for the benefit of the country. There ought to be among them enough capable and patriotic men who are willing to sink politics for the present for the common good. There is no doubt that if all the congressmen who are in favor of a sound currency should get together they could frame a banking and currency bill that would give the country the financial relief that is so urgently demanded.

IT PAYS LIKE A GOLD MINE BUT—

From The Daily Item.

The Sumter *Item* reports that, from data before it, it is satisfied that the tobacco crop in Sumter County has been a profitable one, though some farmers have lost money on it; "there is no doubt about tobacco having become an established crop" in the county; that "fine tobacco" can be raised there; that when the soil is adapted to the plant "it can be made the most profitable crop grown in that section;" and that some planters report having "made from \$25 to \$80 net per acre, and others estimate that they made more than that."

Our contemporary adds, however, that "the outlook for an increase in the tobacco acreage is not bright, as far as can be learned," and "the culture of tobacco may not be extended this year." We must confess that we do not understand what this conclusion signifies or implies. If the new crop has proved generally profitable, and has become generally established in consequence; if fine tobacco can be grown there and can be made the most profitable crop grown in one of the best agricultural sections of the State; and if some farmers have cleared \$25 to \$80 an acre, "and more than that," growing tobacco, we beg to be permitted to ask why the acreage of the crop should not and will not be extended?

It beats cotton at 5 cents a pound, and corn and wheat at 50 to 70 cents a bushel. No new crop could well show better returns for its first year, and the reported returns ought to suffice to cause all the counties around Sumter to go into tobacco raising on a large scale. Even at \$25 an acre profit—to say nothing of the \$80 and more—it should drive cotton out of the field without ceremony. There are some farmers in the State who, if current stories are to be believed, did not make \$25 last year on forty or fifty acres of cotton.

Yet the Sumter farmers turn away from this tempting and paying crop and will not go extensively into the business of growing it, while their neighbors in Darlington and Florence propose to quadruple their acreage in the same crop this year. It is strange and unaccountable behavior on their part. Perhaps, however, they have found something that pays better than tobacco. *The Item* should let the farmers of other counties into the secret.—*News and Courier.*

We can give, in part, the explanation asked and will do so. Tobacco has been planted in this county to some extent for four years. The first year one or two parties planted experimentally; but as is often the case, the experiment was made on too large a scale. One man planted twenty-five or thirty acres and the others scarcely less. The expense was heavy, as a matter of course. Barns and packing houses had to be built, planters and other implements purchased, and overseers, who understood cultivating and curing tobacco, employed. The first year the crop was not a success financially, and one of those who had invested a large amount of money in barns abandoned tobacco after the first crop.

The next year, however, the acreage was increased six or eight fold, and quite a number undertook the experiment on a small scale—planting from three to five acres; although others planted twenty-five to forty acres and invested \$800 to \$1,200 in barns, etc. On this crop several made a fair profit above the gross expense, while others, those who had planted extensively, in particular, lost money.

The third year, 1893, there was a slight increase in the tobacco acreage, more farmers planting tobacco, although those who had planted so extensively the previous year reduced their acreage. Owing to mishaps, droughts at critical times and hailstorms—the crops of several planters were total failures.

Others, however, were successful and grew fine tobacco, for which they received fair prices.

Last year, 1894, the acreage was reduced in some sections of the county, but increased in others. As we have said, the crop was generally profitable.

Now for the reasons why the acreage of the crop will not be increased. The usual experience has been that tobacco culture is an expensive experiment the first year.

That it is an exacting crop—requiring intelligent treatment from the time the plant beds are prepared, until it is graded, packed and sold. Few persons have the money to build barns, packing houses, and hire a tobacco expert, and it is out of the question to think of obtaining advances to plant an experimental crop; for when tobacco is a failure it is the most complete failure imaginable. For instance, there is a farmer in this county whose crop of eight or ten acres was affected with a disease known as "frog-eye," and none of the tobacco was saleable, except as trash, which was quoted at two to three cents per pound.

Another detering cause is the tobacco expert. It not infrequently happens that the men who are employed as experts know little or nothing about the crop, and succeed only in losing money for their employers. Another is the trouble experienced in marketing the crop after it is made, cured and graded. We are distant from the markets and when the planters ship their tobacco to the warehouse they are at the mercy of the tobacco buyers, who often, by collusion, bid in the tobacco at a fraction of its value. To avoid this a number of farmers have hauled their tobacco to Darlington and Florence, a distance of 30 to 45 miles, and even then, though present themselves, there were complaints that the tobacco did not sell for what it was worth.

The men who made money planting tobacco have done so only after several years of experience. Those who have been most successful are those who have planted small crops and given then close attention. Those who have made the most money per acre are the small planters who run one or two plows and do the greater part of their work themselves.

In one section of the county a number of these small farmers clubbed together and employed a man to cultivate and cure their tobacco the first year; and we are informed that these men have been uniformly successful in the growing of tobacco. We are satisfied that there will be a gradual extension of the crop in this county, but not this year for the reasons given above.

The ability to build barns would insure a considerable increase in acreage; and the erection of a warehouse in Sumter, insuring a convenient market, would be a great stimulus to tobacco culture in Sumter County. Until there is a warehouse here, tobacco will remain a side issue among the products of the County. But even with these disadvantages against tobacco culture, we have never been able to understand why many more planters, who are well able to incur the expense of building barns and employing an overser, do not plant tobacco. There is money in it, and we shall be prepared at an early day to prove the assertion by figures.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—forty per thousand. The city is 7,003 feet about sea level, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister at Washington explains in a recent article that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewage.

A genius of a chemist in New York calculates to work upon the fad of having dogs for pets for some dollars. He judges from the way society women and stage favorites bury their noses in the hair of shaggy little dogs that they must really like the odor of the dog. He has, therefore, made a soap which he advertises will impart "that doggy smell." It is presumed that the young men who desire to supplant the dogs will wash their hands and curl their mustaches with the chemist's new-fangled soap.

ITEMS.

There is one of two things about this Armenian business; either the Turks are the most inhuman monsters that inhabit this globe, or the accomplished liar from Wichita has gone over to Armenia.—*Lawrence Kansas Journal.*

"Say, Tuffutte, how did this story get started about you being a trimmer in politics? Oh, that was just a little joke. It was founded on my cutting off old man Jackson's ear at the primary last month."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

"What won't these city women do next, 'Smanthy? What's all this talk about umbrella skirts?" "I never did see a man yet, Silas, that didn't make a fool of himself when he took to talkin' about women's fixin's. Common sense ought to have told you they raised their skirts when it rains."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The *Augusta Herald* notes that according to statistics just completed with regard to new textile manufactories, the Southern States hold their own in great style. Out of a total of 263 new plants, North Carolina furnishes 26, South Carolina 23, Georgia 19, Virginia 8 and Texas 7. The time is not far distant when 90 per cent. of the money invested in new cotton industries will find its way to the south.

Manifestations of the New woman are multiplying. One of them stopped a man on the streets of Detroit, pulled a cigar and asked for a light. Up in Maine a muscular woman is working up a paying business spanking her neighbor's bad boys at 50 cents a spank.

Berlin has now a ladies' club, founded under the patronage of the Empress Frederick, and named for her "The Victoria." It possesses a fine library, a grand piano and comfortably furnished rooms, but no cuisine, meals, however, being supplied from a restaurant next door. Early closing is the rule, lights being turned out at 10 p. m.

When Jacob's sons brought back corn from Egypt, the patriarch was so deeply impressed by the fertility of that country that he readily accepted his son Joseph's invitation to make it his home. When Nebraskans behold Georgia's grand contribution to her necessities, her people, with glad and grateful hearts, will be all the more inclined to come to this land of plenty, which opens its doors wide to immigrants and bids them enter and enjoy her harvest.—*LaGrange Reporter.*

Says the *Chicago Times*: "Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge is failing to earn a livelihood as a public lecturer. Miss Madeline Pollard has been turned out of every position she has secured as soon as her identity was discovered. The press of the country seems inclined to hail these facts as most glorious illustrations of the virtue of the people. There is no memory of the injunction that he that is without sin should throw the first stone, no thought that the merciful are blessed, no desire to temper justice with mercy. We think it would redound mightily to the credit of the American press if this hounding of two weak people, who harmed none save themselves, might now be stopped."

It was in France that the first serious effort was made to establish the manufacture of carpets in the fashion of the Orient, says Good Words. This was in the reign of Louis XIV, and under the direction of his minister Colbert. The royal manufactories were designed to furnish all manner of furniture, and in the Gobelins and Beauvais factories 250 master weavers wove rich tapestries. During the revolution of 1789, these factories were almost suppressed, but Napoleon I. revived the manufactories and furnished his palaces with their loom work. The national workshops of France still continue, and the woven stuffs of Gobelins, Beauvais, and the Savonnerie are accounted among the finest in Europe. The knowledge of carpet weaving was presumably introduced into England from France during the persecution of the Huguenots, the carpet weavers, with other artistic craftsmen, fled for refuge to England, and established themselves in various towns. Axminster, in Devonshire, was one of these, and also the town of Wilton. These places retained their supremacy for a long time, but with the introduction of the Jacquard loom and various improved processes of manufacture, the industry was successfully developed in Kidderminster, Durham, Kilmanock and Glasgow.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. A. J. China.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE